

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Now the King drinke to Hamlet, come beginne.
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

*Trumpets
the while.*

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Drum, trumpets and shoo.

Laer. Well, againe.

Flourish, a peece goes off.

King. Stay, giue me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health, giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while
Come, another hit. What say you?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowles to thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrard, doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poysoned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience,

Ham. Com for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence

I am lured you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queene there hoe.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?

Ostr. Host ist Laertes?

Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge. Ostrick

Prince of Denmarke.

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, O my deare Ham
The drinke, the drinke, I am poysoned.

Ham. O villanie! hoe let the dore be lock't,
Treachery, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere Hamlet, thou art slaine,
No theddin in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe here I lye
Neuer to rise againe: thy mother's poysoned,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point enuenom'd to, then venom to thy worke.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onix heere?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iustly serued, it is a poyson temperd by himsefe.
Exchange forgiuenes with me noble Hamlet,
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Death
Is strict in his arrest. O I could tell you!
But let it be; Horatio I am dead,
Thou liuest, report me and my cause aright
To the vn satisfied.

Hora. Neuer beleene it;
I am more an antike Romane then a Dane,
Heere's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,